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AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1899.

No. 10.

## Maine Farmer.

Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

that we may make it a profitable soil renovator. Has any other convert to the clover theory tried an experiment with it the past season? The orchards must be better fertilized. Clover will do it.

## FRUIT GROWING A SPECIALTY.

The suggestion in President True's address at the pomological meeting at Skowhegan that the growing of fruit may finally become a specialty touches an important feature. A year ago we called the attention of growers of fruit to this matter and took strong ground in this direction. The matter is of sufficient importance for further attention and we are glad Pres. True has called it up, and only wish he had dwelt upon it and given his reasons and showed his signs why this change must take place.

Great changes have come over the whole fruit industry of late all the way from the growing to its final use. Fruit of all kinds is more plentiful, and as a result consumers and dealers alike call for a better article than formerly, larger, more perfect and more showy. The plentiful supply enables buyers to enforce their preferences. Hence apples not quite up to a high standard find no profitable outlet as formerly was the case. Growers must offer for sale such as the people want.

Then, further, insect pests and fungous diseases have multiplied to an alarming extent on tree and fruit. Without healthy foliage of tree and freedom of the fruit from insects and fungi choice fruit will not show up in the harvest.

The only course for fruit growers, then, to make a success of their business is to give it that special attention through which alone such fruit may be produced as the market calls for. At the head of the list of varieties he placed the old Crescent, after a trial of a dozen years. He advised a trial of a number of varieties in different localities as there was a great variation in the profitability of varieties in different localities. These traits could be ascertained only by a trial. He next named the Buebach as a good market berry, but somewhat deficient in quality. The Greenville was a good berry, also the Parker Earle.

A new one he had tried was the Clyde, a great grower but not with him the best quality, but an attractive sort for market. In answer to a question Mr. Pope said he planted the vines three feet apart, and let the plants gradually fill the space, keeping the plants thinned out.

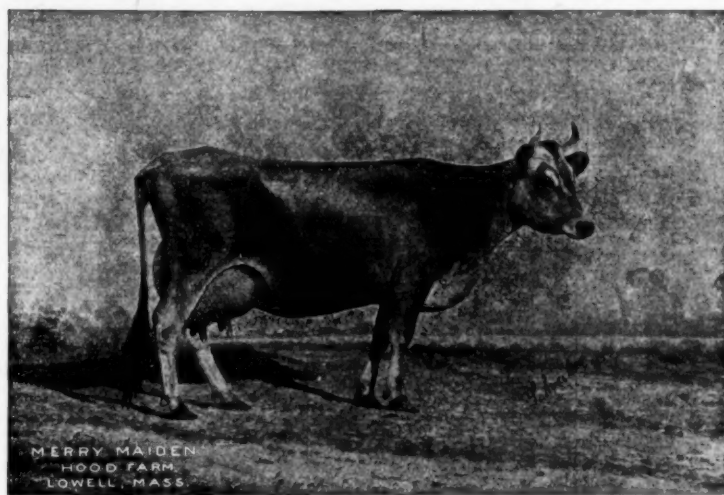
The raspberries were apt to winter-kill in our climate hence hardy varieties should be set. The Turner was a good berry and a good grower. He laid his vines down in winter, covering the top slightly to protect them. The Schafer was a great grower and good bearer, and a fine berry to can. It was a difficult sort to lay down in winter. He protected by boughs, cutting the canes to about five feet, tied tops together and placed boughs about them for protection. He let his plants grow together and summer and out back in the spring; planted the rows seven feet apart and three feet apart in rows. A row 100 feet long produced two bushels. A gravelly loam was good for raspberries. The strawberry would adapt itself to a wider variety of soil.

## STATE POMOLOGICAL WINTER MEETING.

Continuing the report of the winter meeting of the State Pomological Society at Skowhegan, from our last issue where the addresses of Wednesday were given in full, we find that for some reason the local attendance was not large while interested orchardists drove many miles or came from long distances by rail to be present. The exhibition was made up as follows, the quality being superior:

Mrs. L. K. Littlefield, Winthrop, 24 varieties of glass canned goods, fruits, pickles, etc.  
Mrs. F. D. Grover, Jay, 19 varieties.  
Mrs. F. D. Greenleaf, Farmington, dish of cranberries.  
J. W. Dudley, Castle Hill, Aroostook county, 7 varieties of apples.  
Edward Tarr, Mapleton, 10 varieties of apples.  
H. A. Robinson, Foxcroft, 4 varieties of apples.  
Mr. S. D. Willard, Geneva, New York, 3 varieties of apples.  
C. Arnold, Arnold, Penobscot county, 10 varieties of apples.  
L. P. Toothaker, Simpson's Corner, Penobscot, 10 varieties of apples.  
F. E. Noel, No. Fairfield, 20 varieties of apples.  
Lewis Beal, Fairfield, 11 varieties of apples.  
S. H. Beal, Skowhegan, 10 varieties of apples.  
M. C. Hobbs, Farmington, 5 varieties of apples.  
E. F. Purinton, West Farmington, Franklin county, 17 varieties of apples.  
S. H. Davies, Harrison, Cumberland county, 18 varieties of apples.  
Mrs. B. F. Townsend, Freeport, 8 varieties of apples, 3 varieties canned fruit and cut flowers.  
Mrs. M. L. R. Purinton, West Farmington, 11 varieties of canned fruit.  
Mrs. Lewis Beal, Skowhegan, 7 varieties of apples.  
Mrs. G. S. Benson, Skowhegan, 5 varieties of apples.  
W. W. Withe, New Gloucester, 5 varieties of apples.  
F. W. Page, Augusta, floral design.

## A FAMOUS COW.



Merry Maiden, A. J. C. C. owned at Hood Farm, Lowell, Mass., the Winner of the Grand Sweepstakes at the World's Fair, Chicago.

B. H. Titcomb, Farmington, 6 varieties of apples.

E. A. Lapham, Pittston, Kennebec county, 5 varieties of apples.

D. H. Knowlton, Farmington, collection of Nova Scotia fruit.

D. P. True, Leeds Center, 13 varieties of apples, 2 pears and 1 quince.

Mrs. E. H. Crowell, Skowhegan, 6 varieties of canned fruit, 5 of jellies.

C. H. George, Hebron, maple syrup and plate of apples.

Mrs. G. P. Sanborn, Augusta, cut flowers.

Mr. Chas. S. Pope, Manchester, spoke on "Varieties I Like." He placed the strawberry at the head of the list for a home fruit and for market. The returns were quickest from this fruit. At the head of the list of varieties he placed the old Crescent, after a trial of a dozen years. He advised a trial of a number of varieties in different localities as there was a great variation in the profitability of varieties in different localities. These traits could be ascertained only by a trial. He next named the Buebach as a good market berry, but somewhat deficient in quality. The Greenville was a good berry, also the Parker Earle.

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To head off the curculio advised planting in the hen yard; if that could not be done, depend upon jarring the trees and catching the bugs on sheets.

Spray with the Bordeaux mixture to prevent fruit rotting, beginning as soon as the buds begin to swell, again after the leaves are out and after the fruit has set. Destroy all the mummified fruit in the fall or whenever it is seen. Spraying should be continued up nearly to time the fruit begins to turn. Thought spraying was helpful to prevent black knot.

Advocated thinning the plums when growing excessively, picking off half the fruit. It is better for the quality of the fruit, and vastly better for the tree. He emphasized the statement that thinning was absolutely necessary to best results in growing plums.

Aroostook comes to the winter meeting

of the Pomological Society and exhibits an array of fruits that astonishes the natives of the other parts of the State. Two tables were laden with handsome specimens of apples, some twelve or fifteen varieties, prominent among them the large and handsome Longfield, Dudley's Winter, Alexander, Wealthy, Rolfe, Ben Davis, Monroe Sweet, McIntosh Red, etc. Edward Tarr of Mapleton and J. W. Dudley, Castle Hill, were the exhibitors of this beautiful collection.

Prof. Munson, of the University of Maine, spoke upon "Ornamental Plants for Maine." During the past ten years much ornamental planting has been done in the vicinity of the larger towns and cities with the effect, which always follows, of greatly enhancing the value of the property thus treated.

In general it may be said, to get satisfactory results, shrubs and other flowering plants should receive as good treatment as corn and potatoes. When once established, shrubs and perennial herbs require much less care than do annuals, but during the first year or so, careful attention will be well repaid.

In determining what to plant, several points must be considered. First of all, the plant must be hardy. Some of the finest shrubs of Massachusetts and New York are utterly unsuited for the climate of Maine. For this reason the use of native plants is to be recommended so far as possible and few exotics are superior to the common viburnums, dogwoods, elders, sumachs and laurels. Other points to be considered are: Season, habit, beauty of foliage, flower and fruit. If possible, such a selection should be made as will afford a succession of bloom or other attractive qualities throughout the season. For instance, among flowering shrubs the earlier species may be followed by double flowering plum, Tartarian honeysuckle, and Japan quince, these in turn by lilacs, weigela and later by roses, mock orange and hydrangea. To this list may be added the common high bush cranberry and the dwarf Juneberry or shadblow from the pasture.

For beauty of foliage, the Golden Elder, and the Golden Syringa are unsurpassed. Purple Berberry, Spiraea Thunbergii, and the common Staghorn Sumach are also to be recommended. The last is especially valuable for its rich colorings in the fall. For the best effects it should be planted in masses on rich soil and cut to the ground each year. It will then grow up six to eight feet each season, and give a rich, tropical effect. Other native plants which may be mentioned in this connection are the Thimble Berry, with its large, rich, green leaves; Dogwood or red oak, which is especially valuable in winter for the contrast afforded by the bright red shoots.

Among the trees he named the American and English and Scotch Elm and for shrubs, the Spiraea, Lilac and Hydrangea.

Among the plants which bloom very early in the spring "Christmas Rose" and "Bleeding Heart" should not be forgotten. The first, if protected by a box, will often bloom before the snow is off; and the bright pink blossoms of the latter are always attractive. Feverfew or Pyrethrum is another plant that should be in every collection. Its pure white double flowers contrasting with the delicately tinted foliage, add much to the border. The tall Pyrethrum (Pyrethrum uliginosum) which blooms in September, is also a valuable plant.

The able address of Prof. A. H. Kirkland, Asst. Entomologist of Mass., upon "Modern Methods in Spraying" is reserved to publish entire in a later issue. Also the closing address by Rev. Miss Wright. Both merit careful reading.

At the annual meeting for the election of officers, a number of changes were made. Mr. Knowlton, the retiring secretary has been an indefatigable worker for the advancement of our fruit interests and his efforts have been appreciated by the public. Prof. Cook, his successor, is equally devoted to this great industry and will prove a most efficient officer. The election resulted as follows: President, Prof. W. M. Munson, Orono; vice presidents, C. H. Davies, Harrison; D. P. True, Leeds Center; secretary, Prof. Elijah Cook, Vassalboro; treasurer, C. S. Pope, Manchester.

cheater; executive committee, the president and secretary, ex-officio; J. W. True, New Gloucester, Miss G. P. Sanborn, Augusta, L. F. Abbott, Lewiston.

## AN EVENT IN THE JERSEY WORLD.

The most famous Jersey cow, living or dead, Merry Maiden, dropped a solid colored calf by Brown Bessie's Son, Dec. 22d. Brown Bessie's Son is at the head of the Hood Farm herd, and his dam, Brown Bessie, is the second most famous cow in Jersey history.

We class these two cows thus, because the future history of this most economical dairy breed will do full justice to that great test in the history of the dairy industry. This test covered in minute detail everything that would tend to prove the most economical breed from the practical standpoint of an accurate account of everything consumed and produced by each and every individual cow in each breed. Thus, by the crucial test of actual and absolute weights and measures with proper profits and credits, did Merry Maiden win the grand sweepstakes prize as the best Jersey and the best individual cow in all breeds competing, in all three tests combined. Brown Bessie, her near of kin and grandam of this bull calf, won first in two of the three tests in this grand contest, and they by far the most important of the three, the 30 and 90 days' butter tests. Brown Bessie made more butter in a day, a week, a month and throughout the entire period of the tests than any other cow in any breed, and gave more milk in all three tests combined than any other Jersey.

A full brother of this calf, dropped in September, 1897, is now being bred to a few of the choice cows in the Hood Farm herd. He is large and strong and as near perfection in dairy points as one could ask to see. It is our deliberate judgment that with his unusual opportunities in this herd of many great cows, this bull, if he proves as prepotent as we have every reason to believe he will, is destined to prove a great sire.

Merry Maiden is out of one of the best cows in the Hood Farm herd, Costa Rica, 21 lbs. 6½ oz., 90 lbs. 11½ oz., in 31 days, 10,258 lbs. 7 oz. of rich milk in one year. Mr. Valancey E. Fuller tested her for a year and he said he thought if she had been at the World's Fair she would have beaten Brown Bessie. Besides being the dam of Merry Maiden she has another tested daughter, Chirp, 19 lbs. 1 oz., and two of her full sisters are in the list. Costa Rica is the great producing cow, Modita, 16 lbs. 8 oz., the dam of 6 in the 14 lb. list, and she has three more in the Hood Farm herd that should make good tests. Modita is out of Laura Lee, the dam of 5 with records over 14 lbs. by 5 different sires. Merry Maiden has one tested daughter, Masher, 16 lbs. 14½ oz., a fine type of a cow.

## LIVE STOCK ANNUAL MARKET REPORT—1898.

Statistics of the Boston Live Stock Market for the Year 1898.

We present herewith our annual statement of the amount of live stock at Watertown and Brighton stock yards, showing the increase or decrease, compared with the ten preceding years:

	1897.	1898.
Cattle	18,000	18,000
Sheep	18,000	18,000
Pigs	18,000	18,000
Horses	18,000	18,000
Goats	18,000	18,000
Swine	18,000	18,000
Other	18,000	18,000
Total	18,000	18,000

The totals of live stock shipped into our market do not look as well as a year ago, and we can only say that there is an increase in fat hogs. In these there has been an increase of 69,158 head. The bulk of these are from the West. In cattle there were less by 36,314 head. In sheep and lambs, less by 65,287. In calves, 12,642 less than in 1897, and in store pigs, less by 3,998 head. Horses also, are less in numbers by 7,108, with a total of 21,510. The above figures can be relied upon, as they are taken each week direct from railroads and shippers of stock. We have fallen short in cattle each year for the past three years, and we are glad to find less calves sent to market, which were either sent to New York market or being more raised in New England. It is to be hoped more are being raised for beef or for milk cows. The milk cow business has been a heavy one for the year, and for the most part supposed to be profitable. The railroads are doing a good business

WHERE THE STOCK IS FROM.  
We give for reference the following table, showing the number of cattle and sheep from each of the New England States, northern New York, Canada and the West, for each quarter, with the total receipts for 1898, and each of the nine preceding years:

	Total.	Canada.	West.	N. Y.	R. I. & C. I.	Mass.	Vt.	N. H.
1898	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1897	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1896	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1895	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1894	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1893	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1892	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1891	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1890	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1889	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1888	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1887	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1886	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1885	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1884	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1883	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1882	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1881	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435
1880	55,016	724	44,082	155	212	1,435	1,435	1,435

## MAINE JERSEY CATTLE CLUB ASSOCIATION MEETING AT PORTLAND.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT S. M. KING, 80, PARIS.

Another year's lessons in dairy work have passed. We meet to congratulate each other on our successes and by comparing notes, seek to avoid the failures of the past. We have missed our opportunities if the experiences of the past year have not taught us valuable lessons that we needed to learn. The man who thinks he knows it all and has nothing more to learn, had better go out of the business as he is sure to make a failure. There is no such thing as standing still. New circumstances and individualities require constant vigilance as the price of the best success, and we need to be sure we are working in the right direction and building on the right foundation to be assured of that success.

The question then is, are the Cattle Club Jerseys the right foundation on which to build dairy success? We, in Maine, keep the Cattle Club Jerseys for business and a living and not for fun and emulation, as many did when the boom prices were fashionable. It is a principle in mechanics that the machine must be right for the work to be accomplished, and there will be a loss of power in any unwieldy or ill adjusted parts.

The cow is a dairy machine, and the power applied to give us acceptable results or failure is the feed. The assimilation of that feed for milk and cream production, the power to return to the pail all feed not needed for natural sustenance, we claim to be held in a larger measure by the Cattle Club Jerseys than by any other breed. We invite the candid consideration and investigation of all practical dairymen to decide which is the most economical machine for them to run. How are we to decide? Not many private dairymen can conduct a competitive trial of the breeds. Consequently, there is really no sound foundation as the World's Fairs tests. No such exhaustive competition was ever held in this country, and what was the result?

Five years have passed and under the rule that truth cannot be too often brought to remembrance, let us note again the results of that trial: "The Jerseys gave more milk, made more cheese, made more butter, gave more solids other than butter fat, required less milk to make a pound of cheese, required less milk to make a pound of butter, produced a pound of butter at less cost, made cheese of a higher quality, made butter of a higher quality; demonstrated their ability to profitably assimilate a greater quantity of feed and return a net increased profit." Interested parties may dispute this, but the figures are stubborn facts and cannot be controverted. The secretary of the American Cattle Club Jersey Association will supply all who wish, on application. Address J. J. Hemingway, 8 West 17th St., New York, N. Y. With such a record as this, what other conclusion is possible but that we have the right foundation for dairy success?

But we may have the foundation and fall in the building, because we do not build intelligently. As education adds capacity to the human brain, so the dairy cow must have the proper feed and handling to properly develop her dairy functions. In short, the capacity of the dairy cow can no more be rightly judged than can the human mind that lacks proper education and environment.

The conclusion of scientists that feed has but little to do with the quality of the milk is the strongest possible evidence that the Jerseys are a necessity in reaching the best success. We should, I think, feel proud of the object lessons we have been able to give to educate the public up to a knowledge of their own best interest.

Then let us have courage to go on in this good work of public dairy education, with truth and right for our foundation, let us so exert our influence that it may indeed prove that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

Editor Maine Farmer: Will you please inform me through your paper where I can get a thoroughbred Shorthorn bull and better? and oblige  
C. COTTELL.  
Houlton, Dec. 10, 1898.

Write to Howard & Ellis, Fairfield, R. & C. D. Waugh, Starks, or J. V. Fletcher, Starks.

## BAKING POWDER

delicious and wholesome

ROUNDER CO., NEW YORK.

Southwestern lots command 28¢@27c, and if strictly fine, run up to 28c. Fresh Eastern command 26¢@25c, and fancy new laid go higher. In fact, it is hard to limit the price of a real fancy egg. Refrigerator supplies have been selling at 18¢@19c, and some very fine lots run up to 20c. The stock in cold storage was reduced last week 4,300 cases, and stands at 15,332 cases, against 21,116 cases the same time last year.

## BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

Increased activity is noticed in the Boston market for wool, with those who are willing to sell at current prices, while those who are trying to sell at a fraction advance, find that they are left without the buyers, who are not in immediate want and can wait, but a better feeling prevails as the heavy weight season draws near. Much of the business has been in territories and Australians, a little more doing in fleeces, but at very low prices. Sales effected in Ohio xx and above at 20½¢, which is good, and the shrinkage moderate. Some small lots of wool have sold at 27c. Good sales effected in territory wools. Consuls and speculators have built million, within the week, two and one-half million lbs., with trading at 14¢@15c.

Pulled wools are steadier and fair disposal. Those who are trying to buy at 30c do not succeed in so doing, but there were sales at 33c, and sales of combing pulled at 28c, and some California pulled wool at 21½¢.

Foreign wools in Boston are firmer than two weeks ago. Receipts of wool for the week a trifle over 3,500 bales. Sales of the week better than 6,000,000 lbs.

Quotable prices, domestic:  
Ohio xx and above, 20½¢@27c.  
No. 1, washed clothing, 20¢@30.  
Michigan x, 21¢@22.  
No. 1 and No. 2 Michigan, 28¢@29.  
Ohio delaine, 28½¢@29.  
Unwashed and unmerchantable, 17¢@21.

3½ and 3¼ blood fleeces, 20¢@22.  
Spring Texas, 14¢@15.  
Spring California, 11¢@13.  
Hatter's Dressing, 11¢@14.  
Fine and fine medium territory, 10¢@18.  
California pulled, 21½¢.  
Pulled, 18¢@24.  
Scoured, 28¢@40.  
Sundries, 10¢@19.

## Foreign Wools.

Australian, 19¢@20.  
South American, 25¢.  
Scoured Montevideo, 40¢.  
Cape, 28¢.  
Super white capes, 50¢.  
Australian wools, 50¢.  
Carpet wools, 12¢@17.

## AUGUSTA CITY PRODUCE MARKET.

(Corrected Dec. 28, for the Maine Farmer, by E. W. Church.)  
Lard—Looking for New Year supplies will be disappointed in the amount or in the price. There is a full supply. New England turkeys are quite high and scarce, but Western turkeys are plenty and low. Chickens very plenty, at your own price. Cheese firm. Lamb in moderate offerings. Eggs coming in more freely.

BEANS—Western pea beans, \$1.45; white, \$1.50; red, \$1.55.

BUTTER—Ball butter, 18¢@20c. Creamery, 22¢.

CHEESE—Factory, 10¢@12c; domestic, 9¢@10c; Sarg, 12¢@13c.

EGGS—Fresh, 15¢ per dozen.

LARD—In pails, best, 8c.

PROVISIONS—Wholesale—Clear salt pork, 6c; beef per lb., 7¢@8c; ham, smoked, 8½¢; fowl, 8½¢@10c; veal, 7¢@8c; round beef, 10¢; mutton, 10¢; spring lamb, 9¢@10c; spring chickens, 10¢@14c. Native turkeys, 20c.

POTATOES—55¢@60¢ per bush.

NEW CABBAGES—1c per lb.

TURKEYS—40¢ per bush.

NEW BEETS—40¢ per bush.

## AUGUSTA HAY, GRAIN AND WOOL MARKET.

(Corrected Dec. 28, for the Maine Farmer, by E. W. Church.)

Corn—The past two weeks the tendency has been towards higher prices. No special change in wheat. Bran and mixed feed rather firmer than for the last two or three weeks. Hay remains at the same low price. Sugar lower.

STRAW—Pressed, 9¢; loose, 5¢@6¢.

SHORTS—85¢ per hundred, \$15.60@17 ton lots Mixed Feed, 85¢.

WHEAT—7c



## WINTER CARE OF CALVES.

The experience it has had the first winter has much to do in determining the development of the calf will attain. It is stunted by exposure and scanty feed. It will have throughout the life the evidence of that experience in a certain lack of smoothness and finish belonging to the animal that has been kept always in thrifty and vigorous condition, says the *Texas Stock and Farm*. Of course, it is impracticable for the owner of range stock to feed grain to his herds, but generally he may be able, by a judicious economy of his pasturage, always having some of it reserved from grazing through the summer and fall, to have through the winter good grass for his young stock, and the time will come when he will have forage to feed them, at least through the worst periods of winter weather, and provide some sort of shelter.

Farmers who are raising cattle, and every farmer should raise a few, can profitably begin light grain feeding, some corn meal, some cotton seed meal and oats as soon as the youngsters will eat. The corn meal alone is objectionable, because it makes too fat and does not develop the frame of the calf. The cotton seed products alone are still more objectionable, and oats should form the biggest part of the concentrated feed. But all should be given lightly, merely enough to keep the calf strong, growing and in good condition, unless it is intended to feed for the market. If alfalfa can be raised on the farm, and it can be raised on many farms in Texas, it will need little other feed. In this connection it is not out of place to refer to the value of a good supply of ensilage upon every farm where live stock are kept. Upon the stock farms where corn raising is frequently unsatisfactory because of insufficient rains comes the sorghum class, preferably the red Kafir corn, can be used for filling the silos.

This method of keeping the calves growing and strong through the winter has been found profitable where lands are high in value and the expense of feed production is correspondingly great. It can be followed in Texas at less cost than in the Northern and Eastern States, and here the calf can have the advantage of milder winters and the feed can be supplemented by the native grasses, or rather the native grasses may be made the principal support. A very large proportion of the range area of Texas is drifting towards stock farming methods, and there it will soon be found that with highly graded cattle such care of young stock through winter as is here recommended will be a profitable economy.

## PURE FOOD.

The pure food men intend to push their campaign this winter with vigor. Last year a bill was introduced simultaneously in the Senate and House by Senator Proctor and Representative Brosius respectively, looking to the regulation of commerce in adulterated food products and drugs. At the sessions here last March of the Pure Food Congress, this bill was discussed and its proposed operations explained by Representative Brosius. Aggressive work has been going on since then and the other day a meeting of the local advisory committee of the Congress was held in Washington, Vice-President Matthew Trimble presiding.

The report of the secretary showed gratifying progress, it being stated that delegates have been appointed by more than one-third of the State governors, besides which, commercial, medical, chemical societies and manufacturers' associations have appointed, up to this time, more delegates than were in attendance upon the last annual congress. The congress will meet in Washington during January to urge action by the Congress of the United States, and it is hoped that results will be forthcoming. Secretary Wilson is in hearty accord with the movement and in his own department is working constantly along lines of purity in all products. It is quite evident that pure food agitation has come to stay, at least until some effective legislation is enacted by Congress. The operations of some State laws of this class show the great advantage to be derived from proper National legislation on the subject. Some of the internal revenue laws enforced by the Treasury Department operate against selling adulterations as genuine articles, but they are enforced only in the interests of revenue and do not take into consideration, in any degree, the fact that the people, in buying the former, are being humbugged and possibly injured.

## An Attractive Offer.

Maine people will feel an unusual interest in keeping close watch on legislative proceedings during the coming winter, when matters of great interest to the people of the State will come up for consideration. The *Kennebec Journal*, daily and weekly, covers all of these proceedings with absolute thoroughness. Along with its magnificent legislative reports, the *Journal* will carry the full service of the Associated Press. Never, in the history of this country, have more important or far-reaching problems pressed upon Congress than will come before it during the present session.

The *Kennebec Journal* will have, in addition to the Associated Press reports from the National Capitol, a valuable special news service from one of the leading newspaper workers of Washington. The best Seeds Absolutely Necessary. We cannot too strongly nor too often urge the supreme importance of planting seeds that are perfectly pure and fresh. Seeds that are offered at cheap prices are almost invariably of doubtful origin and are almost sure to cause the planter's disappointment and loss. The thoughtful planter's only sure life in buying seeds sent out by a conscientious and trustworthy house is a vast number of American gardeners have (and have had for years) the utmost confidence in seeds that bear the name, D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich. The present generation of planters can hardly remember the time when Ferry's Seeds were not on sale everywhere each year and as regularly planted by thousands—with the greatest faith in the unvarying quality of the seeds and in the integrity of the firm that grew them. Every planter, whether already a buyer of Ferry's Seeds or not, should send for Ferry's Seed Annual for 1899. It is mailed free to any one who writes for it.

## Church Debts

Very likely the Dorcas Society, The King's Daughters, or the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, want funds to carry on their work this winter. Perhaps you have in contemplation a new organ or carpet for the Sunday-school, or possibly the question of paying off the church debt is troubling you. We have a plan for making more people read THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and at the same time providing money for any of these objects. Write to us and we will tell you how to do it.

The Curtis Publishing Company  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## DOLLARS FROM SHEEP.

Hon. F. P. Bennett, Boston, Vice Pres. of the National Wool Growers' and President of the New England Association is naturally an enthusiastic sheep man, but added to this is a wide experience, and whatever he writes claims public attention at once. Having discussed the question in general in the *Herald*, urging an increase of the flocks, with reference to present needs and opportunities in New England, he has, it seems, been pilled with queries from sheep raisers in every direction. The *Farmers' Transfer* some of these to its columns for the reason that there are hundreds in Maine asking the same questions, especially that relating to dogs.

BROOKLINE, Dec. 17, 1898.

Mr. Frank P. Bennett, Bangor, Mass.—Dear Sir: I read your article in the *Herald* with much interest. Will you kindly answer this question? Do you think a flock of 500 sheep on a New England farm a profitable investment? Yours truly, WILLIAM D. HUNT.

A flock of 500 sheep on a New England farm would be a profitable investment if properly selected and rightly handled. Unless you were sure of your man and your sheep, it would be better to begin with a smaller flock, and then grow to 500, but you could not keep a flock of 500 successfully unless they had some Merino or Rambouillet blood in them. They should not be pure blooded Merinos or Rambouillets, unless you desire to make a business of selling thoroughbred stock; but for general purposes the best method of establishing such a flock would be to begin with native ewes and use Rambouillet rams, from which time you would establish a cross-bred flock that would be permanently successful and valuable. I might go into this matter a good deal further in answer to your question, and shall be glad to do so at any time if you desire.

ATHOL, Dec. 20, 1898.

Mr. Frank P. Bennett, Bangor, Mass.—Dear Sir: I have read your article in the *Boston Herald* of Dec. 10, which interested me very much, and would say that I was in Vermont a few days since and bought a flock of sheep to put in some hill pastures which I have in this town. I have been making a specialty of thoroughbred Yorkshire cattle, but from what I have read and from experience, I find that my pastures are adapted to sheep raising as well, and I am going to make a test in a small way, and I feel quite confident that I will be successful in my venture.

A few years ago there were several flocks in this vicinity, but they were somewhat depopulated by dogs, and a great many of the farmers gave up the industry. I think that too much cannot be said of the advantage of cattle and sheep raising in New England, and it is certainly a worthy object; and, while I am not raising cattle for beef, I think I have made a profitable venture in the line which I have undertaken. Should my venture be successful, after a thorough trial, I shall certainly recommend to others, so that we may all come to the prosperity of our farming town.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR F. TYLER.

The notion that dogs are a serious obstacle to successful sheep husbandry is a great mistake. I have experimented largely with sheep, both in Maine and Massachusetts, and I have never had any trouble with dogs, because I use a dog-proof barbed wire fence, than which nothing could be cheaper.

In Massachusetts I have used cedar posts, a carload of which I brought up from Maine at a cost of four cents each for the posts and three cents each for transportation. The carload included 1000 posts. We have set the posts eight feet apart, using a crowbar to make the holes, and then driving the posts with a sledge about two feet into the ground, leaving about four feet above the ground. In Maine we have used old cedar rails taken from the "Virginia" rail fences formerly used.

The posts used in Massachusetts were small, averaging, perhaps, three to five inches in diameter. The wire weighs a pound to the rod, and has cost us as low as 2½ cents per pound, though, perhaps, it would cost three cents per pound here. As there are 320 rods in a mile, it follows that one ton of wire weighing a pound to the rod would stretch over 6½ miles for a single strand. A mile of any kind of barbed wire, therefore, would weigh just 2400 pounds, and at three cents per pound would cost \$72.00. To make a perfect fence a staple would be needed for each wire at each post. The labor of building the fence is trifling. There is hardly anything on the farm so cheap as a barbed wire fence.

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness, Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to cure the liver and cure all these ills, is found in Hood's Pills.

Hood's Pills

25-cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Our fences are practically dog-proof where we use but six strands of wire and one wooden rail to steady the posts, but seven strands are better. We put the first strand very close to the ground, so that the sheep and dogs cannot crawl under. Where the ground is irregular, the wire would rest upon the earth in places, and should not be more than three inches from the ground at any point. We put the second wire four inches above the first, the third wire five inches above the second, the fourth wire six inches above the third, the fifth wire eight inches above the fourth, then a wooden rail eight inches above the sixth wire, and a seventh strand of wire eight inches above the wooden rail.

This, of course, may be varied somewhat, according to the circumstances, but it is substantially the kind of fence that we use, and it has proved effective. It is perfectly satisfactory, also, for cows, but, of course, must not be used where horses are pastured.

Some people think the barbed wire fence is improper for sheep, because little tufts of wool are seen hanging upon it in sheep pastures where it is used; but all the wool that is ever lost in this way, in a flock of 500 sheep, would hardly amount to the value of a single animal. The sheep speedily get acquainted with the fence and leave it alone. The dogs cannot crawl under or through the wires, and they will not jump over, because my experience is that a fence of that height is never troubled by a dog, unless it is something that he can put his paws upon when jumping over.

Very truly yours,

FRANK P. BENNETT.

For the Maine Farmer.

## THE BEE-KEEPER'S RIGHT.

BY REV. C. M. HERRING.

The right of property in bees is founded on and protected by law. The war on this right, as fought out in the West, has resulted in victory for the bee. The fruit-grower and the bee-keeper have measured swords, and all efforts to put bee-culture in a nuisance have utterly failed. The right, *per se*, to run an apiary, even in a large city, has been decided lawful in some of our higher courts. A test case of this kind was brought before the supreme court of Arkansas. Mr. Z. A. Clark kept 35 stands of bees in the city of Arkadelphia, when his neighbors undertook to stop his business and drive his bees from the city, by law. They complained that his bees were destroying their peaches, plums, and other fruit; stinging their children, and were troublesome to all the neighbors. Carrying their case to the city authorities, they secured an ordinance against keeping bees within the limits of the city. Clark, refusing to comply with this ordinance, was tried, fined, and finally, being stubborn, was cast into jail. In due time, the case was carried up to the supreme court of the State. From that august body Clark was vindicated, and the ordinance of the city was proclaimed invalid. Law-makers and judges are supposed to be intelligent people. They know that the honey bee is a benefactor to our race. They are aware that a wise Creator has so ordered that the bee, in gathering honey from the flowers, not only saves from waste a delicious article of food, but that also fertilizes a large class of blossoms on which depend our most precious fruits. So great is the importance of this industry that some countries in Europe provide teachers, at public expense, and send them out among the peasants to give instruction in bee-culture; and in some countries this act is taught in their common schools.

It is true, bees are annoying, sometimes, to near neighbors, the same as cats, dogs, hens, pigs, sheep and cattle, and like these, they are held responsible for all actual damage. They sometimes, in early spring, soil the white sheets of the neighbor's washing; they are intruders in the flower garden and when jammed they sting, but for all this their owner is responsible for actual damage and he should offer to pay the bills. It is also true, that bees are often falsely accused and shamefully treated.

The punctured and broken condition of plums, grapes, and other fruits attacked by bees, snails, the curculio and other enemies, is often laid to the bees; and because the bees suck these fruits after the skin is broken they are charged with spoiling the crop. Raspberries that are old and soft after juice that will be gathered by the bees when other sources fail but no sound fruit is ever molested by this little benefactor. The organism of their powers will not admit of it. Their two mandibles opening horizontally, their proboscis (tongue) limber as a rag, and certainly their sting, were all made for other purposes than boring into fruit. And then again, when near people surround the apiary, they imagine many wonderful things concerning the bees. The flies, the hornets and all winged insects are all bees to them and they brush and fight them all alike.

One man mowing near my apiary became excited, dropped his scythe, battled with his horse and ran away for dear life, when it was found that he was fighting some huge flies which were determined to suck sweetness from his beard, wet from a drink of sweetened water.

One woman near my lot became frightened and suffered nearly all summer, as she thought, from my bees, when it was finally discovered that a hornet's nest in the coal shed was the cause of all her trouble.

I am told that the law, as applied to bees as property, is much the same as that applied to hens, pigs and sheep, which may become intruders and their owners held for damages. All straying property of this kind may be followed by its owner into any garden, orchard, public or private enclosure, and he is responsible only for reasonable damages actually committed. It is always well to keep complaining neighbors well sweetened with honey and when they complain unreasonably, tell them to prove damages, identify the owner and make out their bill.

## RIGHT AND REASON.

How the World Grows Wiser.

There was a time when nations thought the only way to settle their quarrels was by killing each other; but civilized diplomacy has found a way to end international disputes without war and to-day all but barbarous nations will avoid war if they honorably can. The world has grown older and wiser.

There was a time when doctors and everybody else thought that consumption meant just one thing—death; but modern medical science has found a way

to interpose between man and this

malignant enemy of his, and open-minded

intelligent people realize that there is

no more right nor reason in the fifty

thousand deaths by consumption which

occur in this country every year than

there is in the wholesale murder of the

battlefield.

A sufferer from lung disease has no

need and no right to give up in despair.

Twenty thousand actual consumptives

is a reasonable estimate of those who are

rescued every year by Dr. Pierce's Golden

Medical Discovery; besides fifty thousand

more who are snatched back to

safety just as they are hovering upon

the uncertain border line which divides

consumption from weakening, catarrhal

bronchitis, throat and other wasting

diseases which lead up to it.

This great "Discovery" goes deep into

the hidden sources of weakness where

consumption and many other diseases

start.

It quickens the secret sources of life.

At the very beginning, it gives the

digestive powers a keen capacity to seize

upon the nutritious elements of food

and to convert them into life-giving

blood, rich with the tissue-forming

material which builds up and

strengthens healthy flesh and

muscular strength, and stores up at the nerve-

centers vital energy and power.

This great medicine cures 98 per cent.

of all cases of consumption, bronchitis,

asthma, laryngitis, nasal catarrh, effects

of grippes, and throat trouble. It cures

by removing the cause. It is the

great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It

fills the blood with the life-giving

nutrient of food. It rars down the

diseased tissues in the lungs, and builds

up healthy, muscular air-cells. It facili-

tates expectoration and clears the lungs.

It invigorates the breathing and fills the

lungs with life-giving oxygen. It cures

the cough and allay inflammation.

Thousands have testified to their recovery

under this marvelous medicine

after all hope was gone. Here just

a few testimonials taken at random

from among tens of thousands.

The striking experience of Mr. Harri-

son Smith, of Gapereek, Wayne Co., Ky.,

is a conspicuous object lesson to all

sufferers from lung troubles. "In the

spring of 1890," writes Mr. Smith, "I

took a severe cold which settled on my

lungs and chest, and I suffered intensely.

One of our best physicians here, and

they gave up all hope of my recovery; they said that I had consumption

and could live but a few days or weeks.

Mr. Jas. Lorton, a neighbor, came to me and told me to write to Dr.

Pierce—that he could cure me. I did so,

and he wrote me what kind of medicine

to get. I took five bottles of Dr. Pierce's

Golden Medical Discovery and now I am

sound and well. I feel better than I have

in ten years. I gladly recommend Dr.

Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for

what I know it saved my life."

"I had a bad cough and got so low

with it that I could not sit up," writes

Mr. Little Gray, of New London, Miss.

Gray, Ark. "Our family physician told

me that I had consumption. I had pains

throughout my chest and spit up blood. I

took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and

it cured me. I don't think any one would

live if it were not for Dr. Pierce's Golden

Medical Discovery." "I have been your

'Discovery' has been your life. In the

spring of 1884, I was taken ill with con-

sumption, and after trying everything I

could hear of and doctoring all summer,

my physician said I had consumption,

and that I could live but a short time.

About twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's

Golden Medical Discovery brought me

out all right, and I cured myself of two

more attacks of the same trouble. I am

satisfied that the 'Golden Medical Discovery'

will cure consumption if taken in time.

I consider it the best medicine in the

world for the diseases for which it is

recommended."

Dr. Pierce, the inventor of this grand

'Discovery' has been for thirty

years the chief consulting physician of

the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical

Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., where in con-

nection with his staff of associate physi-

cians he has treated successfully more

cases of severe chronic diseases than any

other living practitioner.

His great thousand-page book the

'People's Common Sense Medical Ad-

'viser' will be sent free paper-bound for

21 one-cent stamps sent to the World's

Dispensary Medical Association, 683

Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., to pay the cost

of mailing only. Or handsomely cloth

bound for 31 stamps. It is a magnificent

volume of priceless information which

every family should possess and is illus-

trated with over three hundred engrav-

ings and colored plates.

For the Maine Farmer.

## SHEEP OR DOGS—WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Mr. Editor: Not long ago I was glad

to see that the *Maine Farmer* had some-

thing to say about the sheep breeders'

meeting at Belfast and the editor took

strong grounds for protecting the sheep.

Now the sheep are all housed or yarded,

and there is not much danger of dogs,

but the public places still carry the

notice declaring for the protection of the

sheep.

Now who will start a petition for the

better protection of dogs, providing that

all persons owning same shall keep them

on their own land, and no dog shall be

allowed in the street without its master.

While about it why not protect the

farmer and owner of property a little by

providing that no person shall be allowed

to hunt on any land owned by private

citizens with dog or gun, without per-

mission from the owner, under penalty

of fifty dollars. There are thousands of

acres of land along our coast valuable for

sheep husbandry, but having no earning

value because of the havoc wrought by

dogs, very many of them in the hands of

hunters. Let's have protection by keep-

ing every animal on the property of its

owner. Respectfully,

Waldo Co.

For the Maine Farmer.

## ANOTHER GOOD TEST.

Mr. Editor: I notice in your issue of



**COLOR** and flavor of fruits, size, quality and appearance of vegetables, weight and plumpness of grain, are all produced by Potash.

**ash,** properly combined with Phosphoric Acid and Nitrogen, and liberally applied, will improve every soil and increase yield and quality of any crop.

Write and get free our pamphlets, which tell how to buy and use fertilizers with greatest economy and profit.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,  
93 Nassau St., New York.

**MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.**

Arrangement of Trains in Effect Nov. 27, 1898.

**FOR BANGOR:** Leave Portland, 7:00 A. M., 12:30, 1:15, 11:40 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sundays only, via Brunswick and Augusta, 10 P. M. Leave Bangor, 7:00 A. M., 12:30, 1:15, 11:40 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sundays only, via Brunswick and Augusta, 10 P. M. Leave Portland, 7:00 A. M., 12:30, 1:15, 11:40 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sundays only, via Brunswick and Augusta, 10 P. M. Leave Bangor, 7:00 A. M., 12:30, 1:15, 11:40 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sundays only, via Brunswick and Augusta, 10 P. M.

**FOR ST. JOHN AND AROOSTOOK:** Leave Bangor, 7:00 A. M., 12:30, 1:15, 11:40 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sundays only, via Brunswick and Augusta, 10 P. M. Leave Portland, 7:00 A. M., 12:30, 1:15, 11:40 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sundays only, via Brunswick and Augusta, 10 P. M. Leave Bangor, 7:00 A. M., 12:30, 1:15, 11:40 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sundays only, via Brunswick and Augusta, 10 P. M.

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## A GRAND PREMIUM.



This Solid Gold, 7 jeweled, Waltham Watch, warranted, and the Maine Farmer one year, for only \$15.00.

Or one 20 year warranted, gold filled case, \$12.00.

## Home Department.

### THE NEW YEAR.

Seems but a score of days, all told, But a month or two's time, we're told, And lo! that New Year is old, And here we stand to say "Goodbye!"

And here we stand to say "Goodbye!" And here we stand to say "Goodbye!" And here we stand to say "Goodbye!"

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## A LIVING WITNESS.

Mrs. Hoffman Describes How She Wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for Advice, and Is Now Well.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before using your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer. I have been sick for months, was troubled with severe pain in both sides of abdomen, some feeling in lower part of bowels, also suffered with dizziness, headache, and could not sleep.

I wrote you a letter describing my case and asking your advice. You replied telling me just what to do. I followed your directions, and cannot praise your medicine enough for what it has done for me. Many thanks to you for your advice.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me, and I will recommend it to my friends.—Mrs. FLORENCE R. HOFFMAN, 512 Roland St., Canton, O.

The condition described by Mrs. Hoffman will appeal to many women, yet lots of sick women struggle on with their daily tasks disregarding the urgent warnings until overtaken by actual collapse.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometimes past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

It makes that easier. We want our interest in things kept fresh, and that Nature does for us as nothing else can. The more our busy men see of Nature's restful ways the more restful they will become.

The closer we keep our children to the soil, the healthier they will be physically, and the stronger will they develop mentally. The more our girls breathe in the pure air which God intended for all, but which man in the cities pollutes, the better women we shall have; the fewer worried mothers we shall see. The more our young men see of out-of-door sports the more clearly will they realize the greatness of splendid physical health. The more the tired housewife sees of flowers and plants and trees the closer will become her interest in all things natural and simple; and as she sees the simplicity with which Nature works, unconsciously will the lesson be forced upon her and enter into her own methods. We all agree that there is no teacher like Nature herself. Let us all, then, get as close to her as possible. Whatever she teaches is wholesome to the mind and uplifting to the soul and strengthening to the body. In the very act of studying her wonderful ways there is health.

It was good and timely advice that Governor-elect Roosevelt gave to the children at the Oyster Bay Christmas tree party, which he was invited to address. The gallant governor-elect told the boys and girls that there were two things very necessary in their lives if they would make the most of themselves and their opportunities. One was courage and the other was honesty. It would indeed be pretty nearly an ideal community in which the men and women and children were all brave and honest. And of course Colonel Roosevelt referred to moral as well as physical courage, the kind that faces the common duties of every-day life without whining or complaining, the kind that is displayed in public as well as in private affairs, the kind that makes men who are elected to office do what their oaths of office demand of them, regardless of whether such a course may affect favorably or unfavorably their chances for further political favors. That kind of honesty, too, that the speaker had in mind probably deals with public as well as private affairs, and that makes a man who is a member of a legislative body or of a corporation take care that the affairs of those bodies shall be conducted as squarely as he would be expected to manage his own business. Such advice comes with peculiar force from the lips of the next governor of the great State of New York, for it is by the practice of such virtues that he has gained his present prominence.

A Boy's Bill of Fare. An eight-year-old lad was asked to write out what he considered a good dinner bill of fare for Thanksgiving, and here it is:

Furst Corse.  
Mince Pie.  
Second Corse.  
Pumpkin Pie and Turkey.  
Third Corse.  
Lemon Pie, Turkey, Cranberries.  
Fourth Corse.  
Custard Pie, Apple Pie, Mince Pie, Chocolate Cake, Ice-cream and Plum Pudding.  
Dessert.  
Pie.

AUGUSTA, ME., Dec. 25th, 1898.  
Dear Mrs. Editor: I came from Lewiston to Augusta, Dec. 24, 1898, to visit with Mrs. Bennett on Green street. At first I was very homesick, but now I like it and wouldn't go back if I could. Mr. Bennett works in Waterville, so I am going to live with Mrs. Bennett. She is teaching me to crochet lace and we play parlance every night, and she gets the game every time. We have two kittens, one of them is Maltese, with white paws, white nose and white ears; her name is Beauty. The other one is all Maltese; his name is Tom. They play together very cunning and make things fly. I am nine years old. I am going to school again next spring. The weather is so cold and there is so much snow that I think I had better stay at home until March, and Mrs. Bennett will teach me all she can until warm weather. I have a sled and go out sliding in the middle of the day, when the sun shines to make the air warm.

Dec. 27th. This is a lovely day. I went out sliding this morning, and have been sliding all this afternoon. It is nice sliding in front of our house, and I do have very nice times with so many girls to slide with. The boys are very kind to us. Santa Claus filled my stockings full, besides a beautiful pink and white work basket, thimble and scissors. Good night, BESSIE TAYLOR.

Little Effie (who has stroked the kitten until she has begun to purr): "Maude, do you hear that?" Sister Maude: "Hear what, Effie?" Effie: "Why, I do believe Kitty's dozing!"

On Miss Hathaway's desk there was a corner especially devoted to the children's little love-offerings. Merry pushed away the flowers and little Ann Sarah Bennett's hard, green pear, and made room for her big, rosy-faced apple. How round and red and handsome it was! "Look at that freckle," said Merry to great pains to turn the freckle side "back to you." Why, you wouldn't have known there was any. It didn't show a bit.

"Oh, what a beautiful apple!" Miss Hathaway exclaimed, at Merry's elbow. "Is it really for me, Merry?"

One of the Best Signs of the Times is the Growing Fondness for Country Life. In the December Ladies' Home Journal, Edward Bok, with much satisfaction, notes the strong tendency to country living, and believes that "it is one of the best signs of the times. Nothing in the world can keep a man or woman so young and fresh as to be able to live in touch each day with the perpetual freshness and youth of Nature. Suburban life means more out-of-door living, and that is what we Americans all need. We want more exercise, and suburban living

## PAINT TALKS—XII.

### Causes of the Destruction of Paints.

There is no paint that does not look well when it is new. The poorest mixture produced looks bright, glossy and clean when it is fresh from the brush. But as time goes on, and the sun's rays tell the quality of paints. The best paint will still look quite respectable at the end of five or eight years; the poorest begins to look shabby at the end of a year or two. What is the cause of this difference?

Briefly stated, with very few exceptions, the lasting paints are compounded with purest linseed oil and contain a goodly percentage of zinc white, while the fading, crumbling, discoloring paints contain materials which destroy the oil and are based on pigments which are themselves of a permanent nature.

If a paint darkens, loses its gloss and begins to grow "chalky" after a short time, it is probably a pure white lead paint; if its colors fade or change in the sunlight, it is either colored with aniline dyes, or it is a white lead paint tinted with one of the many colors that are destroyed by lead; if it "deadens" or "flattens" and begins to peel and chip off, it probably contains some "oil-soluble" material which has evaporated; if it shows cracks like the lines on a checker-board, the painter has probably been in a hurry to get the paint on before the under coat to dry before applying the next; and if it shows blisters, one or more of the coats have probably been applied in damp weather or at a time when the air was saturated with moisture.

But there is another cause for the destruction of paints which, though seldom taken into account, is very important. It is the action of the dust, sand, and, carried by the wind. If we have two paints, one of which retains its glossy surface, while the other becomes dull and powdery, we shall find that the latter collects and retains dust while the other remains comparatively clean, and that of the two the dull surface will be worn away much more rapidly than the glossy surface. The reason for this is that the glossy surface is elastic while the dull surface is brittle; the wind-borne dust acts like a sand blast, and cuts away the brittle surface, while upon the elastic surface it makes no impression. Remembering that the white lead paints always lose their gloss and become dry and powdery in a very short time, while paints containing zinc retain their gloss and retain dust while the latter surface is elastic while the dull surface is brittle; the wind-borne dust acts like a sand blast, and cuts away the brittle surface, while upon the elastic surface it makes no impression.

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## THE UNDOING OF A DOUBLE

BY AUGUST FINSTERRE, M.D.  
AUTHOR OF "WHO'S WHO IN THE CITY"  
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[CONTINUED.]

We had now advanced so far that the broad, spacious residence of Colonel Mansley, surrounded by trees, was in sight, with the winding highway in front. Had I desired any of my enemies when I cast my last searching look to the rear I should have changed my line of flight so as to pass to one side of the dwelling and grounds, while I sought safety elsewhere else, but with the coast clear it seemed that it was my duty to call at the dwelling and personally thank Miss Mansley for what she had already done and for the interest she showed in my welfare.

Trifling matters intrude on the most momentous occasions. I looked down at my clothing and felt that I was not in proper form to appear before a young lady. While my garments had suffered little damage during my flight through the swamp my shoes were soiled. I needed clean linen my hair was unkempt, and a three days' growth of beard demanded attention. If I only had my traveling bag, which presumably was still at the inn at Aldine, the necessary metamorphosis could be effected, but it was hardly the part of prudence for me to go in quest of it.

"Erasmus," I said, stopping short, with a new inspiration, "can't you go down to Landlord Bulfinch's and get the value I left there?"

"No, sah," was the prompt response. "Why not?" I demanded.

"Cause it ain't dar."

"How do you know that?"

"It had been tak away."

"Who took it?"

"Me."

"You! When did you do that?"

"How came you to do that?"

"Miss Esther sent me fur it. I fetched dat and yo' umbrella, and dey both likewies am at de house."

This was gratifying news in every sense, for it not only provided me with what I greatly needed, but showed that Miss Mansley expected me to come to her home. That put a new face on matters and sealed my determination to go thither.

But a bewildering complication impended. What had become of the real Hank Beyer? Had he presented himself to the young woman since the affair of last night? Was she lending a hand to protect him also? It was vain to speculate over that which was beyond my comprehension, and I gave up the attempt.

Still as I drew nearer the house a fly appeared in the moment when I saw far up the road the figure of a man who was evidently watching the residence of Colonel Mansley, on the lookout to see whether I appeared there. It must have occurred to many of the neighbors that I was likely to go thither whenever I believed the pursuers were thrown off my trail. With Colonel Mansley absent there was no one left to defend the place against the mob, with the exception of the servants, who could not be counted upon for effective work. True, I had a revolver, with two of its chambers loaded, and probably there were additional firearms in the house, but few buildings are more defenseless than the old fashioned southern mansion, with its low roof and broad spreading rooms that cover a great area of ground. There were a dozen avenues through which an entrance could be forced, while in case of an effective defense on the part of half a score of brave men nothing was easier than to apply a torch and reduce the whole structure to ashes.

This extremely might appear improbable, but nothing is so unreasoning and merciless as a mob, which will proceed



I reached up and sounded it. To my length rather than be balked of my vengeance. It looked as if all depended upon the promptness with which Colonel Mansley could secure the help of which he was in quest.

Still debating the right thing to do, I entered the grounds of the old mansion and presented myself at the front door, where rested the huge brass knocker. Without hesitation I reached up and sounded it. I had crossed the Rubicon, and it was too late to turn back.

## CHAPTER XX.

Just here it is necessary to digress for a few minutes.

Cy Walters, the ex-partisan and terrible raider, was never more enraged than when he opened his eyes in the rear room of the old inn at Aldine, roused by the slight noise made by my leap to the ground, and saw that I had escaped. The raised sash and the motionless form of his stepson explained what had occurred, and he bounded to his feet like a panther, Winchester in hand. His action, however, failed to rouse Archie Hunter, who slept calmly through the stirring incidents that immediately followed. It is easy to see that had he not done so my own situation would have been materially changed.

The exchange of shots in which Cy and I indulged over the rear fence of the garden has been related, as well as my own subsequent movements.

When the veteran returned to the inn, he crawled through the window from which he had leaped, and, kicking over the chair of his relative, sent him sprawling on the floor and thoroughly

roused him from his costly slumber. It is not necessary to record the exchange of compliments. Much as Cy blamed his son, he blamed himself more.

"This never could have happened in wartime," was his bitter reflection, "but it must be because I'm growing old."

It was not long after the incident and while the two were discussing what should be done to recapture me that an unexpected ally appeared on the scene in the person of Gabe Horner and his pet bloodhound. Gabe was one of the most clamorous of the crowd that had demanded my instant lynching. He resented when the decision of Dungan, the leader, caused a postponement until the following morning. He went to his home, some distance in the country, so angry that he could not sleep. With the unreasoning suspicion of a bad man he formed the belief that a plot was on foot to allow me to escape during the night and that Dungan had instigated it, with my two jailers as his agents.

Gabe knew that the majority of the mob were with him, and to forestall any treachery he set out with his dog for the inn so as to be ready to take my trail if anything of the kind should occur. He arrived to have his suspicions verified, but Cy and Archie were so roused that he could not avoid holding them guiltless in the matter. The plot was organized without delay. The bloodhound took my trail, and the three men followed hotfoot.

As the reader has learned, something happened to that brute at the clearing in Black Man's swamp, and for the time being the hunt had to be pushed without his aid.

The pursuers knew they were near the home of the negro Pete, and still under the belief that I was Hank Beyer, suspected I would apply to him for shelter until the hue and cry was over. While Archie and Gabe remained in the background Cy went forward to find out whether such was the fact.

The old habit of caution on the part of Cy came back to him. He knew that if Hank Beyer had taken refuge in the negro's cabin he would make a hot fight before yielding and would probably receive the assistance of Pete himself. Should that occur the little party would need re-enforcements before reducing the two to terms.

At daylight Pete, in accordance with his promise, climbed the ladder in his cabin to rouse me, but when he observed how calmly I was sleeping decided to leave me alone until breakfast was ready. Accordingly he descended the ladder with that purpose in view when he was startled by a knock on the door. Drawing it inward, he saw Cy Walters, Winchester in hand, standing before him.

The veteran looked calmly in the face of the agitated African and asked in a guarded undertone:

"Is he up stairs, Pete?"

"Who dat?"

"You know who I mean—Hank Beyer."

"No, sah. He ain't up dere."

"No use of lying, Pete. I know he's here."

"I tell yo', Marse Cy, he ain't dere. If yo' don't believe what I says, go up de ladder and see fur yo'self."

This sounded fair, but the old soldier knew too much of war to give an enemy such an invitation to blow out his brains without risk to himself.

"Is he asleep?"

"Yas, he am sleepin," replied Pete, fairly caught by the question. Cy looked grimly at him for a moment, and then, lowering his voice to a whisper, said:

"Come with me. Bring your gun along."

Without protest the negro stepped back within the room, picked up his rifle from where it was leaning in the corner and followed the man across the clearing over the path that led to the creek where his dugout lay. Not a word was spoken until they had gone some distance in the undergrowth, the white man leading. Then he wheeled about and demanded:

"What do you mean by telling me Hank Beyer ain't in your cabin?"

Pete looked at this and was prepared. With a look as steady as that of his questioner he replied:

"Marse Cy, I tole yo' de troof."

Walters was so angered that he partly raised his hand to strike the impudent negro, who, realizing a step, added:

"Dere's a man sleepin in my cabin. He looks like Hank Beyer, but he ain't him!"

"What infernal nonsense is this? I've heard it before. If he ain't Hank Beyer, who the — is he?"

"Dat I can't say, but he ain't Hank; dat's de troof."

"How do you know he isn't?"

"How do I know, Marse Cy, dat yo' ain't him? I know it jes' de same as I know dat dat young man am somebody else dan Hank."

"But I seen him and so did a dozen others early this night down at the tavern. We all had a fair sight at him, and I reckon we know Hank Beyer well 'nough not to make any mistake about him. Why, you fool, he owned up that he was Hank just before the crowd rushed in on him."

"De scound'ous villain! He lied about it! He ain't Hank any more dan I am, and he tole yo' de troof. He know de negro well enough to understand that, preposterous as were his words, he himself believed them. Nevertheless his own convictions were not shaken. In the hope of reaching a solution he conducted Pete farther down the bank where Gabe Horner and Archie Hunter were impatiently awaiting their leader.

When the explanation was made to them, they received it with scorn. If a grain of doubt had been injected into the mind of Cy, it was removed by the violent protests of his companions, who would not admit even that Pete believed a particle of his own declaration.

"Hank is dead asleep," said Archie. "He'll awake pretty soon, and it will take a hot fight to get him. We had best hurry back while we have time."

They set out to do so, but Cy compelled them to wait at some distance while he tried to admit even that Pete believed a particle of his own declaration. If their man gave evidence of being awake, it would necessitate a material change in the plan of campaign. The three might have little faith in Pete's truthfulness and honesty, but they knew him too well to fear any treachery on his part. He would be at their mercy if he tried anything of that nature. They explained his course on the ground of sympathy for the hunted fugitive.

Just before reaching the spot where the dugout was moored Cy came to a halt, and a strange conversation began,

"I conceded too much to his sagacity when I credited him with discovering in the faint star gleam that escaped others equally clear sighted under the glare of the lamp at the inn. It was natural that when, from my hiding place under the bank in the dugout, I saw Cy Walters stealthily searching for me, I should neglect no precaution to elude his gaze."

## Which Rides?



When a man is sick he works hard. Instead of riding his horse he is daily task instead of being the means which supports and carries him on to comfort and prosperity becomes an over-weighing burden on his mind. He feels that there is nothing left but to die. He is in a state of despair. He is in a state of despair. He is in a state of despair.

The prosperous man is the one who keeps the upper hand of his work, because he is strong, capable and energetic. He is in a state of despair. He is in a state of despair. He is in a state of despair.

Golden Medical Discovery has brought forth a new kind of prosperity to thousands of men. It is a state of despair. He is in a state of despair. He is in a state of despair.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. It is a state of despair. He is in a state of despair. He is in a state of despair.

No remedy relieves constipation so quickly and effectively as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

The murrain of which I heard from my hiding place a few paces away, though unable to catch any of the words spoken. It was apparent from the questions of Cy Walters that Pete had succeeded in raising a doubt again in his mind, though it was an infinitesimal one.

"Pete, you still insist that the young man in your house is not Hank Beyer, do you?"

"I doan' obsest, Marse Cy. I know it."

"Then you must have some reason for saying so which you haven't told me. What is it?"

"Pete had a reason which he had not named and which had he done so would have removed the last uncertainty from his questioner, but he lacked the courage to explain its nature. Instead he prevaricated:

"Haven't I explained dat when yo' knows a thing yo' knows it? Ain't dat nough, Marse Cy?"

"No," replied the disgusted veteran. "You're been lying from the first. Lead the way back to your old cabin. If you try any trick, I'll shoot you in your tracks. March!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Cy Walters had never been accused of possessing an amiable temper, and it will be admitted that his experience during the previous night had not improved his nature. His rasping trials continued.

It was not to be supposed that the fugitive believed to be sleeping up stairs would fire upon an enemy without warning, and therefore Cy's approach to the cabin was unhesitating, though made with caution. As the two stepped across the threshold the white man said:

"Go up the ladder and tell Hank I want to speak with him."

"Yes, sah," replied Pete, promptly obeying. It required but a few steps when his head appeared through the opening. One glance was sufficient. Turning his frightened face toward the veteran below, he gasped:

"What!" thundered Walters. "Come down and let me see for myself."

The trembling negro descended, and the other recklessly climbed the rounds. The next second he saw that Pete had spoken the truth. Down he came, and in his most dangerous mood.

"He said he prayed," he said with fearful significance. "I'll give you five minutes and no more."

He stepped back with his Winchester partly raised. He meant all he said.

"Marse Cy, if I prove to yo' dat dat man ain't Hank Beyer, how will dat do?"

"But you can't do it unless you produce him before me, and you can't do that."

It was now a question of life and death, and the quaking African told the secret which until then had been locked in his breast. All the time he was talking the grim ex-guerrilla kept his glittering eyes upon the dusky countenance, as if he would pierce him through. Not until the brief story was told did he lower his gun. The action showed that Pete had saved his life.

"We must find him," was the comment of Cy. "Let's go."

With no definite idea of whether they should direct their steps, they followed the path to the creek, the intention of Cy Walters being to meet his two friends and make known the astounding story he had just heard. Arrived there, the missing dugout revealed my method of flight.

"This knocks out all the bloodhounds in the country," remarked the veteran. "None of them can trail him through the water, and has he gone up or down stream?"

There was no way of deciding. "You may go up the creek, and I'll follow it down. He can't be far off."

On the point of separating, Pete said: "Marse Cy, what I jes' tole yo' am a secret, yo' know."

"Of course, if you wish it to be so."

"'Deed I do. I'll sabb me lots of trouble."

"All right; off with you." And they parted company.

The foregoing shows the injustice done to Pete by my suspicions. He had never had any intention of betraying me, and played the part of a friend from the first, but his welfare had become involved with my own in an extraordinary manner, and his lips were held mute when he would have loved to speak. It required the extremity of mortal peril to unseal them.

I conceded too much to his sagacity when I credited him with discovering in the faint star gleam that escaped others equally clear sighted under the glare of the lamp at the inn. It was natural that when, from my hiding place under the bank in the dugout, I saw Cy Walters stealthily searching for me, I should neglect no precaution to elude his gaze."

Meantime, with the advance of morning, the vigilantes began gathering at the inn in Aldine, clamorous to complete the entertainment of which they were robbed on the preceding evening. Learning of the startling proceedings in the early hours—though, he remembered, the agency of Miss Mansley in the business was never suspected—they set out for Black Man's swamp, accompanied by the most ferocious bloodhound for miles around.

And something else happened to that brute which eliminated him as a factor in the solution of the problem.

It was not long after this that what may be called an adjourned meeting of the man hunters took place in the depths of the swamp, near the creek which had played an important part in the curious incidents. Cy Walters was present, as were Gabe Horner and the owner of the second bloodhound that had departed this life. To express it mildly, a vein of dissatisfaction ran through the proceedings.

The proposition was made for several members of the party to go back and procure more dogs.

"I'm opposed to that," called out Gabe, who was infuriated by the loss of



his own animal. "Hank has already killed two of the best bounds in the country, and he'll shoot every one we send after him. We don't need 'em."

"How shall we work it, then?" demanded the owner of the last defunct. "The swamp is so big that he can hide in it for any length of time."

"He hain't got the ammunition," explained Archie Hunter, who grimly rubbed it into himself by explaining that the fugitive had stolen his shot, but had no cartridges with him.

"He has used most of the charges and must be or soon will be without any means of defense himself."

"He'll get what he wants from the darkies scattered through the swamp."

"But they don't use revolvers."

"They'll find some way of furnishing him with what he needs."

"And then he'll go to killing dogs ag'in," was the disgusted comment of Marse Cy.

"He ain't a waste of raw material, gentlemen."

"What do you propose?"

"The knot of six men was added to until all of the original party were present with the exceptions of the real Hank Beyer, myself, Landlord Bulfinch and Squire Gager. The last to arrive was the negro, Pete. He had gone up the creek, as directed by Cy Walters, but went only a little way when he became satisfied it was the wrong direction. He then turned about and took the same course as the veteran; not only that, but he went farther and discovered the dugout, which was caught fast by an overhanging limb, not far from where I had turned it adrift. He spent some time in looking for me, but, meeting with no success, made his way to the spot in the swamp where the others were assembled, being directed thither by the signals sent out for that purpose."

Pete told nothing of his discovery and remained a silent participant in the proceedings. The same was true for a time of Cy Walters, who, however, listened closely to every word that was said. He desired to interpose, but appreciated the disadvantage in which he was placed. He and his stepson were under suspicion because of the escape of their prisoner, and to spring the assertion upon his neighbors that a mistake had been made by all and that I was not what I seemed would not redress that.

Jim Dungan was the most violent in his speech and more than once broadly hinted at treachery on the part of the veteran, despite the fact that he ran risk of being shot in his tracks by the fierce tempered veteran, who was never known to accept an insult from any one.

Dungan's proposal was to gather more dogs and push the hunt relentlessly until I was run down or treed. He freely expressed his regret for his leniency of the preceding evening and was eager to make amends by the most vigorous proceedings possible.

Cy Walters remained grim and silent and said nothing of his discovery. Then he saw that it would be no use to hold his peace any longer. That he possessed high courage was again proved by his action. Advancing to the middle of the group, he raised one hand with a commanding gesture.

"Gentlemen, I've listened to every word that has been said here. Jim Dungan threw out a slur or two that I won't do fur him to repeat. I let 'em go 'cause I see he was excited and he mustn't speak 'em ag'in! If he had only said that Archie and me was the two all-fired fools in Mississippi, I'd have took off my own skin and made him right. But he ain't no fool. He's a smart one. I've learned a thing which you oughter know. It's this—the chap that you're hunting for ain't Hank Beyer!"

It proved as Cy feared. His assertion was received with scorn and anger. Not even his own stepson would accept it. His words seemed to have added fuel to the fire and intensified the determination of the others to push the hunt for me with more merciless rigor than ever.

Cy Walters, however, was not the man to yield a position when once taken, and it was because of his stand and the words he said and the declaration he made that when I looked back at Black Man's swamp it gave me no sign.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MANY PEOPLE CANNOT DRINK

coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please. It is like a tonic. It is like a tonic. It is like a tonic.

It nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. It is a tonic. It is a tonic. It is a tonic.

Get a package from your grocer to-day. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c.

## HELEN'S TWO LOVERS.

Was he glad? Was he sorry? Did he feel triumphant? Did he feel bitterly ashamed?

Will Spencer asked himself these questions over and over, wearying of the repetition and yet never able to end it by saying heartily that he was glad and triumphant, or bitterly that he was sorry and ashamed. The plain fact stared him in the face, that Helen Raymond had not loved him more than Mrs. Raymond had urged his suit, and exerted her maternal influence and eloquence until Helen had consented to be his wife, telling him very frankly that her heart was in the grave of her lover, George Vanhorn, who had been killed in a railway collision nearly one year before.

"Mother was never willing I should marry George," Helen said, sadly, "because she was poor and we have suffered all that poverty can inflict. He was on his way to Colorado, where his brother had been successful, when he was killed."

Will Spencer winced, for he was rich, very rich, but then he put to the wound that aching alive, "I will win her love when she is my wife," that has wrecked so many lives. It may come, this love that will be hidden in a man and wife, after they are bound together for life, but the risk is great, and Will Spencer knew it.

Yet he cherished the delusion that love in the end would win a return, and he knew his own love to be strong and enduring. He had stepped back when George Vanhorn was met with such a smile, as he could never win, had kept from pressing his suit with the name of Helen's lover appeared on the list of killed in the account of the railway collision, but after the lapse of several months he had won Mrs. Raymond to love, and so, by proxy, would Helen and won—what? a cold, reluctant consent to be his wife.

Yet she was not cold, this girl of 20, whose heart had been crushed ever since the day when George Vanhorn's name was recorded as dead. He could have told how her eyes could soften with love's tenderness, her cheeks burn with love's blushes, her low, sweet, voice tremble with love's liquid music. He had won what all the Spencer gold, the riches of long generations could not buy.

Before that fatal railway collision she was a bright, sunny girl, with a large, expressive brown eye, a voice of music, the step of a fairy, singing as a bird sings from sheer joyousness of heart, bringing a jest to all the household workers, laughing merrily over her own blunders in the culinary department, turning old dresses, renovating old bonnets without a complaint, living on love and hope.

After that day she moved about slowly, her eyes were dull and weary, her duties met with a rigid, mechanical precision, her lips compressed, her cheeks pale, a shadow of her joyous self.

Mrs. Raymond was often asked by her friends to leave the house that she would yet miss the golden prize she had partly won, and heartily seconded Will in his preparations for a speedy marriage. It was Mrs. Raymond who went with her to open the house that he had bought to adorn for his bride, who aided him in the selection of carpets, curtains, furniture and gave him instructions regarding the kitchen department, of whose needs he was as ignorant as most young bachelors. It was Mrs. Raymond who received an anonymous letter containing a liberal sum, which she quietly appropriated for a trousseau and a suitable dress for the bride's mother.

She was a woman of rare tact. Having won Helen's consent to be Will Spencer's wife, she never brooded her by complaints about her listless indifference for her lover or her future prospects. She simply made all the arrangements for her, without once admitting a possibility of change. The betrothal was the result of an occasion, the preparation of the house, the selection of the trousseau referred to, in matter of fact words that made Helen feel, as it was intended she should, that she had walked into a net from which there was no escape.

And Will Spencer knew it all, and withered under the knowledge, being a frank, loyal man, whose impulses were generous and whose honor was as important as most young bachelors. It was Mrs. Raymond who received an anonymous letter containing a liberal sum, which she quietly appropriated for a trousseau and a suitable dress for the bride's mother.

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